

SAMARA

JUNE, 1959



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"

—Browning



ELMWOOD FROM THE GROUNDS



BACK: Renée Darricades, *Head Girl*, Susan Petrie, Carolyn Simpson, Sandra McNaughton, *Heads of Houses*, Jean Cundill, *Head Boarder*.
FRONT: Mrs. Bruce, *Headmistress*, Mrs. Stephen, *Senior Mistress*.

Dear Elmwoodians,

My seventh year at Elmwood is drawing to a close. The Ancients believed there was magic in numbers, seven meaning perfection. Be that as it may, this year has spelt fulfillment in many of my aims.

Academically, Elmwood has been steadily climbing. This year's senior class must struggle to live up to the high standard set in June 1958 on the Upper School examinations — 100% passes and 74% honours.

Naturally, I am proud of our success in this field, but even more I am proud of the loyalty you are showing to the ideals of the school, the things I regard as its spirit. I think many of you have learnt that there must be a meaning and direction to life. Although it starts out as a great adventure, it never quite measures up to our dreams. It isn't meant to! The grey material of life only becomes beautiful when the golden light of the world beyond shines through it. This only happens when we develop a reverence for things of the spirit.

Today all movement seems to be outward. Men are gaining more and more knowledge. The stress is on the practical. Knowledge seems sense. More and more power is added to natural life because our interest rushes to the furthest limits of the universe. It seems to me that along with this outward movement, which now even embraces Space, there should be an inward one reaching to the things that endure, where our roots should be planted. This is the heart of life. It never changes. That is why all that endures in literature is linked with the depth rather than the breadth of life and reveals the real things of the spirit. If we treat these things with respect we enrich our own lives and get a clue to the meaning of the Universe — that God is the Centre.

Francis Thompson describes a man as a

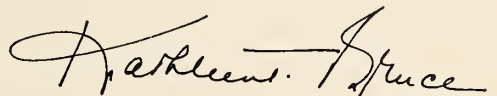
“Swinging-wicket, set

Between

The Unseen and the Seen.”

This is how we should think of our lives as being lived in the stillness of God's protection in spite of the seeming rush and confusion of the present age. When you realize this, you will know how to make even the most significant details on the surface of life significant and there will be real meaning and direction to your existence, no matter in what circumstances your life must be lived.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Harkness Bruce". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial 'H' and 'B'.

Editorial

ONCE again our school year is drawing to its close and we are left with many memories of the wonderful, and of the sad times we have had together; the tension of our games; the excitement of the House Plays; and the fun of burning our faces at break while we sat around the Sundial with reflectors in hand.

Let us hope, however, that as we leave Elmwood we shall take with us more than just memories. In our House mottoes we find all the things which we must strive for in life. From the playing fields into life, in victory and in defeat we must carry with us Keller's Motto "Fair Play". We must try to apply this motto and that of Fry's "Friendship to all" to our daily living. Elmwood has taught us to follow the motto of Nightingale House "Not for ourselves alone". Now it is up to us to show that we understand the value of these precepts. Just as "a chain is only as strong as its weakest link" so society is only as strong as its weakest member. On our shoulders lies the responsibility of making this a more peaceful and united world. Using these mottoes as our guideposts, surely this will not be impossible.

In Memoriam

It was with the deepest regret that we learned of the sudden passing of Mrs. Isabel Cameron in Montreal. Mrs. Cameron was Matron at Elmwood from 1955 until early March, 1959, and although modest and retiring by nature, contributed much to the comfort of the school by her quiet efficiency and good humour.

We were very sad to hear of the death in Halifax of Peggy Cameron who attended Elmwood during the school year 1958-59, during which time she lived in residence. She will be remembered by all for her lively good nature.

Magazine Staff

EDITOR — RUTHIE PETRIE

Advertising Editor — Judy Toller

Assistant — Judy Ewing

Literary Committee — Susie Southam, Julie MacDonell, Judy Cornell

School Notes and Photography — Jean Cundill, Jane Rowley

Form Notes — Gail Lacharity

Regular Departments — Louise Bowie, Heather Letch

Sports — Sherrill Fell

Circulation — Jody Garland

Head Girl, Prefects and House Seniors

Renee Darricades:

"They that govern make the least noise."

Renee, or "Rainer" as she is fondly known around the school came to us three years ago from Chile. In those three years she has covered herself in glory. In 5A she was made a monitor, in 6M a very capable head of Nightingale, and this year she has reached the highest rank possible—that of Head Girl. She has carried out her duties both quietly and efficiently and has been a constant supporter of our school basketball team.

Besides her many activities as Head Girl she found time to take part in the Nightingale House play for which she won honourable mention. She has also managed continually to get high marks and to tell us all about Gigi—her younger sister.

Space forbids us to tell more of Renee's accomplishments. Thanks for the wonderful year you have given us here at Elmwood, Rainer. We shall miss your cheery smile in the halls and classrooms but wish you every success next year at the Montreal General.



Susan Petrie:

Lucky Elmwood to have had Sue for five whole years—wish it could have been longer! Sue is one of those people who seem to do everything well, and she has managed to remain very popular in spite of the fact. After all, poor Sue can't help it if she's a good organizer, a terrific House Head, and an asset to the school basketball team. It's not her fault that people like her.

Not only has Susan guided Fry House to many victories, but 6 Upper would be lost without her! (And that's "straight from the horse's mouth.")

Speaking of horses, Sue gets along with them pretty well, too. We wouldn't be at all surprised if in a few years we saw Sue riding one in the Olympics! In the interim, Sue's plans are none too definite, but of one thing we may be certain: there'll never be a dull moment! Lots of luck, Sue.



Carolyn Simpson:

"I believe absence is a great element of charm."

Two short years ago, a shy, blue-eyed blonde crossed the doorstep of our "Alma Mater". Shortly after, "the new girl shyness gone" we found Carolyn to be the enthusiastic, fun-loving, school spirited girl we now all know as "Car".

In her first year at Elmwood, Car played volley-ball for Keller, and also took the leading role in the Keller House Play. Not only did the play come out on top, but Carol did also, and won the Senior Dramatic Award. Carol was such a valuable member of Keller that she won the coveted House Motto Award at the end of the year.

This year, Carol has been the ready, able and ever-smiling head of Keller, an indispensable senior counsellor, and a member of the Clique! She has also taken an enthusiastic part in the "Cinquettes" and the "debating club".

After a summer in Europe, Carol is heading for McGill. (Geometry maybe?). We wish you the best of luck, Car, and thanks for the terrific job you've done.





Sandra McNaughton:

Sandy, during her four years at Elmwood, has been a boarder and a day girl, and is therefore well qualified to be head of Nightingale. She is popular among the girls and is often seen chauffeuring some of them to games. Although she is not a player herself her school spirit is admirable.

During her first year here Sandy skipped from grade nine to grade ten, and has kept up better than some of us have. She was in two Nightingale plays which came first and second. In both cases she played the part of a man.

Sandy will probably be with us next year but if not, Buena Suerte, Sandy!



Linda Chauvin:

"Oh, there has been much throwing about of brains!"—Shakespeare.

Linda, hailing from the North Country, is a faithful Quebecer and worshipper of the slopes. Her career at Elmwood started four years ago and her fateful first-day decision to join Fry has been a great boost to the House both scholastically and athletically. Lin has not only headed her class during her sojourn here, but won the matriculation entrance scholarship and the highly coveted proficiency medal.

Her activities have ranged from being a senior counsellor (and a clique member) in the boarding school to writing letters to American officials concerning a controversial debate resolution! Linda also shone in the musical line (the cinquettes couldn't have done without her) as well as the acting field this year, gaining one of the best acting awards for her performance in Fry's house play, "Is She His Wife?"

Linda is off to England this summer and plans on McGill next fall. Best of luck always, Lin!



Jean Cundill:

"A Saint at school, a Devil abroad."

Jeannie, our loyal Westmounter and Montebelloite, has been terrific as Head Boarder this year. Noted for her early (?) rising, she has been seen in the lounge at the first clang of the bell, leading a crony in the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner".

A most popular member of the school basketball and volleyball teams for several years, Jean also leads her house in tennis and badminton, and can be seen skimming (or bashing?) down the hills at either Fortune or Saveur during most of the holidays.

As the only prefect in Keller and a tremendous help to Carol in House duties, Jeannie moves inconspicuously in many ways and is always in there pitching. Digging into Jean's past Elmwood history we find that she won both the Junior Sports Cup and Intermediate High Endeavour in her first year. Rising steadily, she has been a Junior and Senior Counsellor, monitor, and of course a member of the "Clique".

Next year, as a breather before McGill, Jeannie plans to go to Switzerland for French and skiing. All the best of luck, Jeannie, et soyez sage!

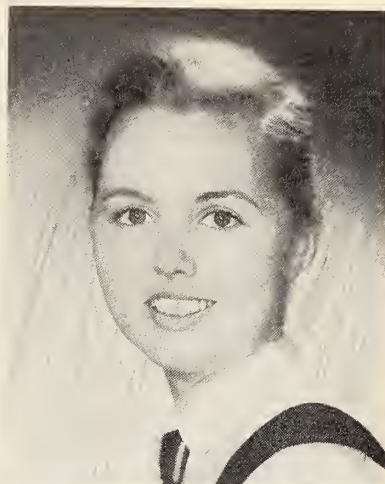
Gail Lacharity:

*"The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be."—Shakespeare.*

Gail has been at Elmwood for six years now, both as a boarder and as a day girl. Each morning just as the prayer bell rings Gail comes flying into the gym just in the nick of time.

Gail repeatedly has proved herself to be Elmwood's most aspiring actress, having won both the Intermediate and the Senior Dramatics awards. She led Fry to victory this year in their play "Is She His Wife?"

Gail enters into everything with great enthusiasm (including her Wednesday lunches!) It is seldom that one finds her without a smile on her face. She has done a wonderful job as head of the dance committee this year, and we all owe her our thanks. Gail has been one of our best, and one of our favourite prefects this year, unfailingly kind and thoughtful.

**Di Manion:**

*"High-bo the holly
This life is most jolly!"*

During the past four years the rear fence of Elmwood has acquired a definite "sag" owing to the morning vaulting habits (?) of a certain Fry prefect trying to make the ten to nine bell!

This certain prefect—namely Di—has taken a keen interest in many different things during her years here, ranging from the sporting fields to the more artistic ones, which include Art and Dramatics. Di won the senior Art prize one year, and honourable mention for her performances in two of Fry's House plays.

At one time or another, Di has taken part in every Fry sports team and has lent her energy and talents to the school tennis team which has won the shield for the past two years, and also to the Elmwood basketball team.

Unfortunately for the fence (!) but fortunately for Elmwood and Fry, Di will be jumping the fence again next year as she will be back with us for her Senior Matric. Best of luck, Di.

**Ruthie Petrie:**

*"Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner,
but all who come in contact with it."*

Ruthie's quick-witted repartee has been heard in the halls of Elmwood for four lively years now. During this time our magazine editor has proved herself an able sportswoman, efficient officer, and a whiz at learning.

Last June Ruth received the Philpot Token, awarded to the girl with charm of manner and integrity along with a high academic standard. She has certainly lived up to all three qualities admirably during her final year at Elmwood.

"Roo" is thinking seriously of travelling abroad in the fall. Neuchatel in Switzerland seems to be her destination. Whatever career Ruth pursues we are sure that she will bring to it the sincerity, charm, and cheerful disposition that have brought her so much success during her Elmwood days. Our best wishes go with you Ruthie!





Nightingale House Notes

THERE were many additions to Nightingale's ranks this year. With these girls plus our old members we managed to win the inter-house basketball as well as place second in inter-house tennis, volleyball, and badminton. It is too early yet to say how Sports' Day will go, but everyone has been out there practising.

"Love and Uncle Henry" was the title of the Nightingale House play. Not only does the cast, Renee, Sherrill Fell, Ginny Wilson and Julie Kingstone, deserve congratulations for their fine efforts, but also all those who worked so hard and so willingly behind stage.

Thanks to all the girls who spent many hours collecting and sorting clothes and toys for the Salvation Army, we tied for first place in House collections.

To those of you who are leaving Elmwood and Nightingale, the best of luck, and to those

who will be returning in September, I hope you give next year's House Head the same wonderful support and help you have given me during the past year. Thank you all!

Members (see picture):

1st row: Patricia Arnold, Georgia Gale, Karen Loeb, Meg Uren, Judy Reid, Johanne Forbes.

2nd row: Judy Toller, Judy Ewing, Sherrill Fell, Renee Darricades, Sandy McNaughton, Di Lawson, Ginny Wilson, Lesley Galt.

3rd row: Louise Bowie, Julie Kingstone, Julie MacDonell, Sandy Moffat, Linda Redpath, Elizabeth Knox, Angela Wolfe-Taylor, Di Smith.

4th row: Judy Jergenson, Heather Haley, Margot Toller, Sue Hamilton, Judy Brown, Joan Francis, Bev Mitchell, Nancy Attack.

Missing: Trudy Johnston, Marjorie Feller, Judy Carter.

Keller House Notes

ALTHOUGH quite a few of our old girls left us last year, we were very fortunate in having over ten new girls to ably fill up the ranks.

Starting off the year with true Keller spirit, we captured first place in the House Days, and tied for first in the House Collections.

Our play this year, "Miracle at Blaise" by Josephina Niggli, came a close second, with Carolyn Strauss and Susan Southam winning the best supporting actress awards, and Joan Berry receiving an honourable mention. The rest of the cast, stage hands and all who helped are really to be congratulated on the wonderful effort and house spirit that went into our Keller production.

Sportswise we didn't do as well as in preceding years, but everyone did her best and

put up a terrific fight every time. Thank you, Susie, for your tremendous efforts and drive that at all times backed our teams.

Keller was well represented in both the Public Speaking and Ex Merito awards. In the Intermediate Public Speaking, the cup went to Gail Fincham and in the other divisions we received many honourable mentions. Dacie Higginson and Sue Rogers won Ex Merito pins while several others were awarded "Ex Merito Honourable Mention Certificates."

All of you have contributed in your own way to making this a very successful year, and I can't begin to tell you how much a house needs the co-operation, spirit and support that you have given to Keller this year. To next year's House Head and to all Keller-



ites, may I wish you the very best of luck, and that you will continually live up to our Keller House Motto "Fair Play."

Head of House: Carol Simpson

Prefect: Jeannie Cundill

Sports Captain: Susie Southam

Monitors: Kit Sampson, Wendy Blackburn, Jane Rowley

House Members

(In order of picture)—Front Row: Janice Greenberg, Susan Arnold, Daphne Twidale,

Suzanna Everett, Michele Betts, Gail Fincham. 2nd Row: Susan Southam, Wendy Blackburn, Jane Rowley, Carol Simpson, Jean Cundill, Kit Sampson, Heather Letch, Nancy Smalian. 3rd Row: Sandy Comstock, Dorothea Berwick, Mary Jane Reynolds, Barbara Townend, Sue Rogers, Yvette Khazzam. 4th Row: Carolyn Strauss, Dacie Higginson, Sherri Ansley, Margot Spry, Joan Berry, J. A. Hair, Heather Hyndman, Mary Margaret Scott, Cathy Bratton. Missing: Efi Malamaki, Brigid Martland.

Fry House Notes



THIS year we were happy to welcome nine new girls to our house, and it wasn't long before they were happily breaking rules with the old girls. We were sorry to lose Judy Cornell at Christmas, but at the same time welcomed Pat Bell, Mimina Gonzales and Wendy Wilson.

In December because of the large contributions from each house, the judges had difficulty in deciding who should win the House Collections, and to the relief of all, the three Houses tied for first place, and we all sent our articles to the Salvation Army.

After many hectic weeks of rehearsals for

the House Plays, Fry managed to come out on top with Charles Dickens' "Is She His Wife?" I would like to thank all those who participated and helped, especially Gail Lacharity and Linda Chauvin who won the Best Actress awards.

In the Public Speaking contest, Deirdre Kirby brought more honour to Fry when she won the Senior Division. Diane Manion, Heather Blaine, and Holly Ryan all received honourable mention.

Thanks to Heather Blaine, our "eager-beaver" Sports Captain, we have greatly improved in the field of sports. I would like to thank Heather for all the work she has done with the various house teams; it proved worthwhile for we won the Inter-House tennis, volleyball, and badminton and after a long hard struggle placed second to Nightingale in basketball.

There is not room here to mention each House member individually and to thank you for all you have done throughout the year; but I would like to take this opportunity to thank you as a group, for I feel it is because you have worked as a group and with such spirit that you have done so well this year. To those who are leaving, I wish the best of

luck, and to next year's House Head and those who are staying, may I wish to you the same, and hope that you will continue to work with as much house spirit as you did this year. Remember our House Motto,—
"Friendship to All".

Head of House, Prefect: Susan Petrie

Prefects: Linda Chauvin, Gail Lacharity,
Diane Manion, Ruth Petrie

Monitors: Heather Blaine, Margo Hay, Deirdre Kirby

House Members

(In order of picture)—Front Row: Helene Reid, Elizabeth Raymont, Rita Browning, Sheila MacTavish, Patsy Bell, Elizabeth MacDonald, Heather Hay. 2nd Row: Martha Wilson, Gail Lacharity, Linda Chauvin, Susan Petrie, Diane Manion, Ruth Petrie, Heather Blaine. 3rd Row: Lalage Wright, Mimina Gonzales, Jody Garland, Deirdre Kirby, Chris Mackenzie, Jane MacTavish, Margo Hay, Sherry Oliver, Alexis Thoman, Sarah Garvock. 4th Row: Anne Wennberg, Margaret Laidler, Lynne McEntyre, Linda Peden, Laragh Neelin, Wendy Wilson, Penny Burritt, Cathy McIlraith, Busy Garvock.

Missing: Holly Ryan, Judy Cornell.

Le printemps

Le printemps apporte les oiseaux et les fleurs,
Le soleil et la pluie qui réveillent les cœurs,
Font revivre l'esprit, rajeunissent les âmes,
Et chassent les ennuis et rallument les flammes.
La neige est envolée, le lac est gris et froid,

Les grands arbres sont verts, la pelouse se voit.
Les cygnes gracieux sur le lac d'argent glissent,
Les yeux caressent l'eau, leurs plumes éblouissent.

Silencieusement, flottant sur un miroir,
Les cygnelets suivent, c'est très joli à voir.
L'air très frais est si chaud et le beau soleil
brille,
Les bois sont verdoyants contrastant la jonquille.



School Notes

The Junior Science Club

The Junior Science Club started on the first Thursday in October and has been a great success.

Mrs. Martindale took us on an interesting trip to a beaver dam. When it was over we all brought a gnawed log home as a souvenir.

Later on during the year we did experiments, learned about mercury and heard the story of Dr. Bruce and the Tse-Tse flies.

We must thank Mrs. Martindale for the wonderful time some of the Upper 4B's had.

DEBBIE GILL

Junior Choir

This year we were all very happy to have the junior classes sing for us quite often at Morning Prayers. The classes which contributed in this way were Transition and 1, 4C, and Upper and Lower 4B. They often made our mornings more pleasant with the delightful songs which they presented so well. We would like to thank them as well as their teachers and Mrs. Edelsten who trained them.

Junior Hallowe'en Party

The Junior Hallowe'en party was a great success this year, and the younger girls enjoyed themselves thoroughly. After much hustle and bustle, the girls, dressed in their varied and colourful costumes, paraded in the grand march, while the honoured judges voted for the most original, the prettiest and the most humourous costumes. Following the

grand march, the girls joined in games, including bobbing for apples, musical chairs, and the added attraction for this year's party, a Hula-Hoop contest.

After delicious refreshments provided by Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Hughes, the girls went home tired, but convinced that this year's party was the best one ever.

Senior Hallowe'en Party

Trick or treat night was celebrated at Elmwood in a very elaborate fashion in October. The officers had much fun decorating the gym for the occasion. (The new curtains blended very nicely with the traditional black and orange.)

As the bewitching hour approached, everyone gathered in the gym in their colourful costumes, the judges took their official positions, and the parade of assorted characters began. We enjoyed Magoo and Alexis' cannibal attire, and Jane's original idea, for she was a stop light! We were amused by Sherrill Fell's costume — "A box of Raisins".

Next came the long-awaited skits in which everyone gets a chance to contribute to the gaiety. 6 Matric's spooky pantomime on "Dem Bones" drew some appropriate quivers and shivers from the audience — all adding to the atmosphere. But the surprise and delight of the evening came when the staff performed — with hula-hoops, no less!

Of course there was a unanimous response to the call for refreshments. So it seemed that our Hallowe'en party was a "startling" success.

Carol Service

Our Christmas Carol Service this year was directed by Mrs. Edelsten, who did a wonderful job of organizing it.

After each class had sung a Christmas song, we all joined in with familiar carols. The whole school sang "The Twelve Days of Christmas" in parts, much to the enjoyment of all. Our talented singing group "The Cinquettes" added to the program with some French and German carols. The Carol Service was concluded by Adeste Fideles and a few words from Mrs. Bruce.

Christmas Concert and Supper

Everyone agreed that Elmwood's annual impromptu concert and Christmas supper were more successful than ever before! The program began with a manger scene in song presented by Form Transition and 1. It proceeded, with Renee Darricades acting as Mistress of Ceremonies, as 4A presented a farce on the "Cremation of Sam McGee", and 5C sang a French carol under the direction of Mme Betts. 5B is to be especially commended for their outstanding presentation of "Winnie the Pooh". This skit was smooth, polished and well-prepared. 5A amused us with a vocal interpretation of "Be Kind to the Prefects", and the 6M's contribution was "Good King Wenceslas" (with knowing glances at Mrs. Stephen!)

Finally the Cinquettes (consisting of Renee Darricades, Linda Chauvin, Chris Mackenzie, Sherrill Fell, Carolyn Simpson) entertained us with a harmonious collection of carols from foreign lands. We were all very impressed by our talented fellow-students and it seems the staff was also — because on the next day they sang for us once more at the closing carol service.

For the first time in years our skits ended precisely at the moment when dinner was announced. This lucky chance was appreciated by all those whose mouths water at the mere thought of a delicious turkey supper prepared with her usual flair by Mrs. MacDermid!

The 5A girls acted as Big Sisters to the younger ones, and the evening ended on an

extremely happy note. As we donned our coats and scarves and prepared to go home, our minds were at rest from examinations, and were filled with thoughts of the pleasant evening and of the wonderful things to come.

The Junior Skating Party

This year's annual skating party, held on January fifteenth, was a great success, and I'm sure everyone else will agree with that.

We first went out to the skating rink, which was carefully iced the night before, and had several races which tired us out. Then came one of my favourite events, the figure-skating, which many people entered. We were asked to skate once around the rink and do all the fancy skating we could on the way. The judges, who were Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Povey and Mrs. Campbell, must have been very cold standing outside for such a long time, even though they did a wonderful job of judging. The last event, which was the partner-skating contest, was a lovely ending for the outside part of our party.

Finally we were told to go inside and the prizes were given out by Mrs. Davis. After that we had delicious cocoa, sandwiches and cookies, which we all enjoyed very much. When tea was over we played some games in which the teachers joined us.

Finally after a wonderful afternoon of fun, we gathered our books together, thanked everyone who made our party as happy as it was, and went home.

MARILYN ROSS,
Form Upper 4B.

The Elmwood Formal

The Elmwood Formal of 1959 was held at the Country Club. It was a wonderful evening for everyone there. Mac Turner and his band supplied all kinds of music, from the Charleston to the Waltz. There were various prizes given out, among the lucky winners were Mr. and Mrs. Martindale.

Because of the change of time we had an extra hour to enjoy the party, but even so the witching hour of one and time to go home came all too soon.



DRAMA WINNERS

BACK: Gail Lacharity, Linda Chauvin — best actresses.

FRONT: Carolyn Strauss, Susan Southam — best supporting actresses.

6 Matric Debate

This year a few of the “more talkative girls” in 6 Matric staged a debate. The resolution was that integration should be enforced. The members of the affirmative were Sandy McNaughton, Ruthie Petrie and Judy Toller. On the negative were Linda Chauvin, Carol Simpson and Margo Hay. Chris Mackenzie was the chairman.

The judges, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Carruthers, and Miss Boyle, had difficulty in choosing the winning side, but after much discussion the affirmative was declared the victor. The debaters spoke with great enthusiasm and interest, and everyone enjoyed their efforts.

Public Speaking

This year our public speaking contest was held in November, a month, which, judging from the speeches presented, seems to be very inspiring. The topics were varied, ranging from “Waste” to English Literature. Everyone is to be congratulated as all speeches were of the highest quality.

Prize winners were as follows: Junior winner — Sandra Burke-Robertson. Honourable mention — Jessica Bradley. Commendable — Antonia Freitas and Beatrice Lacoste. Intermediate winner — Gail Fincham. Honourable mention — Janice Greenberg. Commendable — Carolyn Strauss and Susan Rodgers. Senior winner — Deirdre Kirby. Honourable mention — Julie Kingstone. Commendable — Diane Manion, Holly Ryan, Kit Sampson, Heather Blaine.



PUBLIC SPEAKING WINNERS

Deirdre Kirby — Senior winner, and Gail Fincham — Intermediate winner.

Missing — Sandra Burke-Robertson — Junior winner.



MONITORS

FRONT: Lesley Galt, Judy Ewing, Kit Sampson, Jane Rowley, Sherrill Fell, Christine Mackenzie, Dierdre Kirby, Heather Blaine.

BACK: Judy Toller, Jane MacTavish, Ginny Wilson, Di Lawson, Wendy Blackburn, Margo Hay, Martha Wilson.

Boarders' Notes

This year we have quite a menagerie downstairs. The trouble all started when INSECT bit GIGI, the HORSE, which caused 'ARF-N-'ARF to kick MONKEY HEAD, but ANGEL intervened and peace was restored. BIG JULES always has lots of aces up his sleeve; she'd better watch it or they'll fall in the SOUP.

Who forgot their specs? MAGOO. Who? No, GNU. But none of us really think that GHERKIN'S a pickle, even if BABY FACE insists that she is. What's this? . . . Visitors on the stairs? LOU and RONNIE—oh for

shame! BLONDIE says, "I was born a blonde and I'll die a blonde, even if I have to dye to be a blonde!" Who says "Something old, something new, something borrowed, something BLUE"? eh, Angela?

And so we leave the wild beasts and invade the calm serenity of the third floor. . . The Clique (SIMPLE, CUN, NEEDLES, BEAV) are under the impression that their leaving will be a sad loss to the boarding school. But the rest of us had a wild celebration, and GIN and RAISINS made a big Ha-ha. How



SCHOOL VOLLEYBALL TEAM

UPPER LEFT—FRONT: Kit Sampson, Sue Rogers, Sherrill Fell (Captain), Judy Ewing, Sue Southam. BACK—Martha Wilson, Jean Cundill, Sandy Moffat, Judy Toller, Wendy Blackburn, Di Manion, Lesley Galt.
UPPER RIGHT—FRONT: Sandy Moffat, Jean Cundill, Sherrill Fell (Captain), Judy Ewing, Heather Blaine. BACK—Susan Rogers, Linda Redpath, Sue Petrie, Martha Wilson, Nancy Smallian, Sue Southam, Lesley Galt.
LOWER RIGHT—FRONT: Kit Sampson, Heather Blaine. BACK—Lesley Galt, Laragh Neelin, Martha Wilson.

Opposite Page

UPPER LEFT—FRONT: Heather Blaine, Linda Peden. BACK—Martha Wilson, Laragh Neelin, Lex Thoman.
UPPER RIGHT—FRONT: Sherrill Fell, Judy Ewing (Captain), Leslie Galt. BACK—Judy Brown, Sandra Moffat, Ginny Wilson, Angela Wolfe-Taylor, Linda Redpath.
LOWER LEFT—FIRST ROW: Martha Wilson, Ruth Petrie, Heather Blaine (Captain), Sarah Garvok, Diane Manion. SECOND ROW (seated)—Linda Peden, Linda Chauvin. THIRD ROW—Alexis Thoman, Susan Petrie, Sherrill Oliver, Laragh Neelin, Chris Mackenzie.
LOWER RIGHT—FIRST ROW: Martha Wilson, Heather Blaine (Captain). SECOND ROW—Linda Peden, Linda Chauvin. THIRD ROW—RITA Browning, Sarah Garvok.



SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM



SCHOOL TENNIS TEAM



WINNING HOUSE TENNIS TEAM—FRY



WINNING HOUSE BASKETBALL — NIGHTINGALE



WINNING HOUSE VOLLEYBALL—FRY



WINNING HOUSE BADMINTON—FRY

was Tecumseh born? KING "lammed off" at MOFF and ROLL-ed her broken BONEs, including LEGs across the floor; even SPIC & SPAN couldn't remove the stains for all her scrubbing. ZORRO came to the rescue of her trusty? steed SHEBA and MOE-ed CHARLIE BROWN down by mistake. . . .? Green-eyed ZORRO! Was this a MERT-erism? MUGS and DEE put a stop to all this by contacting GERT on the inter-COM.

This year we had a wonderful staff in residence. These included Miss Matalon, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Betts, Miss England, Miss Sharp, and Miss Boyle for a couple of weeks. We were especially sorry to see Mrs. Hughes leave us at Christmas, but warmly welcomed Miss Robinson in her place. We were very sorry to learn of the death of Mrs. Cameron,

as she was a great help to us all in the boarding school. Miss Moseby has been a wonderful House-mother, and always ready to help any of us.

We would all like to thank Jeannie Cundill —our headboarder who has done a terrific job this year. Along with being popular with the girls, Jeannie has ruled with a strong hand.

We had a most enjoyable pyjama party this year. Each one of us placed a small present under the tree, which helped to make the needy childrens' Christmas happier. Refreshments were served which as usual were appreciated to their utmost.

All in all, this has been a terrific year, and from those of us who are leaving, we wish next year's boarders every success.

Sports Notes

Volleyball

This year for the first time we sent a team to play in the Ottawa Interscholastic Volleyball League. Although we won two out of a possible four games, we did not have a chance to try for the East League finals. The valuable experience we have gained from these games we hope to put to better use next year.

The team consisted of: Sherrill Fell (captain), Sue Southam, Judy Ewing, Jean Cundill, Sandra Moffat, Martha Wilson, Sue Rogers, Kit Sampson, Wendy Blackburn.

Badminton

This year the badminton tournaments, junior and senior, were run off very successfully, Heather Blaine of Fry came out on top in the Senior Singles, defeating Sherrill Fell of Nightingale. Sarah Garvock of Fry was the Junior champion defeating Marjorie Feller of Nightingale.

Sherrill Fell and Lesley Galt (Nightingale) won over Heather Blaine and Linda Peden in a very exciting match for the Doubles crown, and Sarah Garvock and Rita Browning eliminated Susan Arnold and Dorothea Berwick to win the Junior Doubles title.

Fry ended the winner of the houses, with Nightingale placing second and Keller third.

Interscholastic Tennis

On Saturday, September 20th, we defeated Nepean to gain the Ottawa Tennis title for the second year in succession. The doubles team, which consisted of Kit Sampson and Lesley Galt, were undefeated as were singles players Martha Wilson and Heather Blaine. Laragh Neelin was narrowly defeated by Pat Ryan, an Ottawa champion. Congratulations, Team!

Basketball

This year, as last, Elmwood entered the Ottawa Interscholastic Girls' Basketball Tournament. We first played Rideau, defeating them 47-17 and 65-30. Next we defeated Commerce 44-12 and 46-16. Lisgar won the next game, 33-30, but we came back to win the second game, 30-23. This left Lisgar and Elmwood tied for first place, and a play-off resulted in Lisgar placing first in the East League and Elmwood second. In a very exciting semi-final game with Glebe we were defeated 32-23. Glebe went on to the finals to lose the championship to Lisgar by one point.



GRADUATING CLASSES

FIRST ROW: Kit Sampson, Jody Garland, Judy Toller, Miss Boyle, Sherrill Fell, Heather Blaine, Renée Darricades, Linda Redpath.

SECOND ROW: Heather Letch, Carolyn Simpson, Wendy Blackburn, Julie McDonnel, Gail Lacharity.

THIRD ROW: Jean Cundill, Ruth Petrie, Jane Rowley, Diane Manion, Margo Hay, Diana Lawson, Louise Bowie.

FOURTH ROW: Susan Petrie, Sandra McNaughton, Chris. Mackenzie, Linda Chauvin.

MISSING: Efi Malamaki.

Form Notes

HEATHER BLAINE

She's little and she's wise,
A terror for her size.
As sports captain of Fry
She makes the other houses sigh.

WENDY BLACKBURN

Wendy is a quiet lass,
Quite a distinction in our class.
At four she rushes home each day
To feed her horse a little hay.

LOUISE BOWIE

Her hair is the envy of the Class;
She studies hard, and hopes to pass
So she can go and nurse the ill
And feed the handsome men a pill.

SHERILL FELL

She leads the school in all the sports,
And many a boy she courts.
She works each period of each day
'cause Algebra. She hopes to slay.

JOANNA GARLAND

Full of witty cracks and smiles
While putting our form notes on the files.
We tried to make up these last two lines
But without Jo's help weren't master
minds.

MARGO HAY

To be a "Deb" is Margo's aim;
We're sure that she will have many a
flame.
In 1960 she's Europe bound
To learn an art that's quite profound.

DIANA LAWSON

Dance, boxing, or Parents' Tea,
You're sure to find Di at Ashbury.
She's talkative and friendly and also the
slave
Of a young handsome boy by the name
of Dave.

HEATHER LETCH

The nickname "Ha Ha" fits our Heather,
As she never seems to be under the
weather.
Lucky (?) Heather—back next year;
We're sure she'll still be full of cheer.

CHRISTINE MACKENZIE

She likes them short, she likes them tall,
Chris likes "males" one and all.
In Algebra she also hopes to excel—
For references see Miss Sherill Fell.

JULIE MACDONNELL

She always has her homework done,
She's always ready to have fun.
When she stopped driving her little car
The accident rate was cut by far.

EFI MALAMAKI

Efi comes from far-off Greece;
When she starts to chatter she'll never
cease.
At school she works and works some more,
And then goes home to Mother's store.

LINDA REDPATH

Linda, alias Charlie Brown,
Is, as the song says, quite a clown.
Though no one at Elmwood knew she
would,
In New York she met Sir John Gielgud.

JANE ROWLEY

An able form captain Jane has been,
As good as any we have seen.
She seems to really have the nack,
Of stopping us all from talking back.

CATHERINE (KIT) SAMPSON

Kit has boyfriends everywhere;
She gets them mixed but doesn't care.
She likes to ski and likes to ride,
And in the summer she swims in the tide.

JUDY TOLLER

Judy finds, whether near or far,
Someone always steals her car.
With winks and smiles she always shows,
That she's in love with all her beaux.

At Prefects we haven't even hinted,
For what we would say just couldn't be
printed.
Fearing this they told us not to bother,
And so they have done each other.

Under Emma's Hat or Harmony in a Nutshell?

With her dark glasses on and a good book
in front of her GINNY is quite content to
relax and wait for the right mail to roll in.
P.S. Did we spell "male" right? Most o.
JULIE'S time is taken by her plays, six nights
and two afternoons a week. Though HOLLY
suffered the recent loss of "Ambrose" (pet
fish) she still insists—"I'm just the same!"
SHERRI is synonymous for zany, crazy, and
loads of fun. "I'm anti-social", says JANE;
she frankly refuses to conform but—she is
willing to discuss her reasons. LES is certainly
our No. 1 candidate for the all-round girl.
JOAN agrees any number can play the mat-
ing game, "but its more fun with two!"
MARY MARGARET, commonly known as
"Myrt" just blew into town from . . . Mano-
tick! A school day on a merry-go-round, a
singing, laughing girl—Here's GUSSIE. With
all the stories about her passion for "red"
Judy says, "I'm beginning to feel like a red
people-eater". The phone is constantly ring-
ing for SANDY lately but she won't reveal
the fan. LARAGH struck it rich this year in
her composition on Ghana. Though BEV is
back building the pyramids in her dreams,
our clever gal may someday discover some-
thing just as big. Funny! SUE reminds us of
the nuclear age! These physicists have really
taken over. The grapevine has been humming
about a quiet, shy, miss (none other than our
HEATHER) who has decided to enjoy life
with a certain "Bishop". DEIDRE says there
are only two kinds of people in this world—
the Irish and those who want to be Irish! I
wonder if she's heard the rumour that St.
Patrick is Scottish?. No! It's not the Atom
bomb, it's only BONER in the lab!! A pert
miss in our midst is our J.A. otherwise known
as "blond bombshell". Our Yankee friend
JUDY has won us all to her side with her
"strange, Yankee ways"!

5B Form Notes

NAME	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION	AMBITION	PROBABLE DESTINATION
Cathy "Low" Bratton	crazy . . . much	extending Maniwaki	Ottawa resident.
Penny Burritt Elizabeth "Busy" Garvock Heather Hayley Dacie Higginson	Hey, Anne . . . ; Peter who? Yes, what? That's for sure	to have all her notes together sitting in a Jag Jumping 3 feet in gym to weigh 150 pounds	paper-picker in park. hitch-hiking. Nice try Heather! passing twice to make a shadow.
Judy Jurgensen Yvette "Shorty" Khazzam	Jeepers! no guff . . .	to grow teaching the Samba to two certain "all American" boys	Shrunk? No . . . Shrank! taking box-step lessons from them
Margaret Laidler Lynn McEntyre Cathy McIlraith Sherry Oliver Linda "Wee-Bear" Peden Susan Rogers	No . . . not really Oh, gee . . . no, but seriously though For Pete's sakes! M-a-a-n! Oh, Sugar—!	teaching Transition model for Jergens speaking French Pete second Einstein to have enough nerve to cut her hair	child-beater. professional biter. Senora! Pete!! (educated) bum pigtails!!
Nancy Smalliam Margot Spry Carolyn Strauss	no but, do ya' think . . . ? I'll try . . . Ya' farmer	to finish what she's doing . . . interior decorator testing "non-smear" lipstick for Revlon	. . . NOW! head artist for Mad. lipstick smeared!!!
Lex "King" Thoman Anne Wennberg	. . . up the wall It's no good . . . really!	reviewing the Navy teaching gym!(?)	teaching Yogi in the Army, cleaning the Elmwood mats.
Marthz "Magoo" Wilson Wendy Wilson	Who's the clown? Later for you Man!	King of the Blobs going out with Toronto boys again	being "deblobbed". married to an Ashburian.
Mrs. Martindale	I dare say . . .	teaching 5B to stand	giving up.

5C Form Notes

NAME	NICKNAME	PET SAYING	AMBITION	PROBABLE DESTINATION OR COMMENT
S. Arnold	Sue	Way to go!	To run a successful unemployment agency.	Unemployed
P. Bell	Pat	Jeepers!	Tall, Dark and handsome	Fat, short and bald.
D. Berwick	Dot	Boy-are-you bright!	To make an inter- national language.	It's a silent world.
R. Browning	Rita Carmencita	Oh gad!	To give up French.	Si, Si, Senorita.
S. Comstock	Sandy	None of your business!	To drive a car.	Swinging on a star.
M. Feller	Dreamboat (ha ha)	I'm on a diet!	To be a tap dancer.	Polishin' Fred Astaire's Shoes.
J. Forbes	Joey	Pray tell!	To be on stage.	Pulling the curtains.
S. Garvock	Granny	You said we didn't have to learn that!	To be a world champion basketball player.	Which World?

5C Form Notes—continued

NAME	NICKNAME	PET SAYING	AMBITION	PROBABLE DESTINATION OR COMMENT
G. Gale	George	I suppose so!	To be jet propelled.	Crash landing.
H. Hay	Heath.	What's the time?	To keep her slim figure.	Throwing her money away on weight reducing salons.
T. Johnston	Gert	Oh, you kids!	To form "natural" curls overnight.	Tonis are cheap.
K. Loeb	Loebie	Oh, Mrs. Stephen!	To write more clearly.	Try a typewriter.
E. Macdonald	Liz	I'm sorry, excuse me!	To play Shakespeare.	To be or not to be?
B. Martland	Brigitte	So be it.	To resemble Brigitte Bardot	Resemble Sophie Tucker.
S. Everett	Suzy	Shiver my timbers!	College Gal.	Mrs. Degree.
S. Mactavish	Sadie	Say . . . lady.	To train horses to jump.	Standing up the jumps for the horses.
J. Reid	Rufus	Holy Toledo!	Ride in a rocket.	The moon
M. J. Reynolds	Skinny minny	What page are we on?	To be a psychiatrist	Visiting one.
M. Toller	Pidge	That's news to me!	To win the Kentucky Derby	Win, place, or show?
B. Townend	Peg-leg	Sweetie!	To get married.	Working in a marriage licence bureau.
A. Wolfe-Taylor	Agatha	Eeks!	To out talk Charlotte Whitton	Mayor of Ottawa.

Form 4A

Success is nought,
 Endeavours all,
 Does Judy Carter obey the call?
 Elizabeth Knox,
 Our lovely Dane,
 Tries very hard and not in vain.
 The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of night.
 Now I've finished my homework.
 Boy what a delight! Michele Betts.
 Spelling I love,
 Arithmetic adore,
 Literature, History and English
 Please give me more. Pat Arnold.
 Gail Fincham

Oh the joys of school work!
 Oh to do a sum!
 Oh to be an Einstein!
 Now that June has come.
 "If seven maidens with seven pencils
 Wrote for half a year,
 Do you suppose," our Nancy said,
 "That things would be more clear?"
 Meg came to us from Washington.
 She loves to dance and play.
 But when it comes to spelling,
 Her marks simply fade away.
 In school I work hard?
 When I play I have fun.
 But its always that homework,
 I just can't get done.—Janice Greenberg.

Lalage Wright has one delight,
Watching Wayne and Shuster on Tuesday
night.

She laughs and wastes her time away,
But soon will come the judgment day.
Then what will Daphne Twidale say?
I, Elizabeth Raymont, declare I do,
Like Arithmetic, even tho' my marks were 42.
The class mathematician, Boy that's me;
And to think my marks were 23!

Helena Reid.

Form Upper 4B

Guess Who!

An easy little puzzle this is—
Find the Form and the names of the follow-
ing misses.

A bright little student who heads the class,
But she leaves for England soon — Alas!
So saucy and nice you'd like to steal her,
And she hails from far-off Venezuela.

This demure little miss is quiet and nice,
But she's a regular wizard on the ice!
Bright and chatty and everyone's pal—
A sizzling live-wire is this gal—
A dazzling blonde with mischief swelling;
Her favourite lesson is always SPELLING!
Friendly, good-natured, and always kind,
A nicer kid you would never find.
Always bright with never a frown,
She's a country lass from out of town.
This mighty atom is bright as brass,
"Multum in Parvo" you'd call this lass.
A non-stop talk, bouncing and gay;
Mrs. Stephen brings her to school each day.
"Smart" and keen when to us she came—
Now it's easy to guess her name.
Talkative, restless, and full of fun,
She's a stick of dynamite, this one—
Although from grace they often fall,
Their Form Mistress really loves them all.



JUNIOR SCHOOL HOUSE CADETS

Lower 4B Reflections

A mere half dozen — that it is,
 Though once we were eight one time last fall;
 But those who are now in Lower 4B
 Provide full measure of variety.
 There's Alex and Audrey, Beatrice and Lynn,
 Each is tall — but far from thin
 Except for Mademoiselle Lacoste —
 Artist and Author — whose possessions
 get lost!

Now Louise and Claire — though less in height
 Have special academic might;
 Each has a fund of general knowledge,
 (We hope it carries them through to
 College . . . !)

This boisterous group are full of news, —
 It's quite revealing to hear their views!
 Their activities are always growing, —
 Lately they mastered the art of Sewing . . .
 With lessons done (?), it is their rule
 To hasten home, — not stay at school.
 Louise and Alex have far to go, —
 They stride undaunted through any snow.
 For many a dog there's a long day's wait
 Patiently there by Elmwood's gate.
 Weather permitting, Lynn likes to ride
 With faithful Darkie trotting beside.
 And as for Audrey, Beatrice, Claire, —
 For them to loiter is most rare.

Beatrice vanishes in a car,
 The others walk, — but not for Far.
 And the evening? — T.V., books, and fun;
 Occasionally some homework's done!
 Piano practise for a few,
 ("Twenty minutes will *have* to do . . . !)
 The telephone buzzes: — it's Lynn to say
 "What was our History prep today?"
 After lengthy chat, Audrey goes to work
 What it *was* she wrote in that Homework
 book.

"Now where is it? — must be *somewhere* —
 here . . .
 — Oh well, not to worry; we'll just ring
 Claire!"

Louise rings next, in an awful fuss; —
 "I left my binder in a bus!"
 — So please for me, dictate the work,
 Or Mrs. P. will think I shirk!"

And Alex recalls that frivolous time
 We tried to describe ourselves in rhyme!
 We giggled a lot and enjoyed the fun.
 But somehow that ditty just *never* got done!
 "We're trying to help"; "Surely that's
 enough?"
 "We're out of practise in doing this stuff!"
 But we'll admit — though not all leisure,
 Our school days bring a certain pleasure;
 And sometimes even, we *do* progress
 In spite of all the strain and stress!

Form 4C

Our class is small but we have worked
 hard and had some good times together.

We enjoyed several outings and projects
 with Lower IV B this year and on one oc-
 casion were invited by them to a "Free Day"
 tea party. After a wonderful supper of sand-
 wiches, cookies, pies, dough-nuts, ice-cream
 and candy we played games and several were
 initiated into the Honourable Order of the
 Froth-blowers. To become a Cardinal in this
 ancient order is not as easy as it first appears,
 but after some bad starts all were initiated.

We are looking forward very much to
 joining Lower IVB class next year.

There was a Form Captain named Dorian
 Who won her Exmerito, did Dorian.
 She was so fond of spuds
 She burst out her duds
 That hungry Form Captain named Dorian.
 There was a young skater called Val,
 Who liked to play tricks on her pal.
 She surprised all her mates,
 With her antics on skates,
 That plucky young skater called Val.
 There was a young artist called Jessica,
 Who always was drawing, was Jessica.
 When asked "What's the page?"
 She was found in a daze,
 That dreamy, young drawer named Jessica.
 There was a new girl called Freitas,
 Who came from the Dominican State.
 When she joined us last fall,
 She could not talk at all.
 But now chatters on at great rate.

With apologies to Thomas Hood.

I remember, I remember
 4C Class-room green and white,
 The windows where the morning sun
 Came streaming in so bright.
 It always made the room too hot,
 And brought too long a day,
 And oftentimes, in lessons dull,
 I longed to run away.
 I remember, I remember
 How tall the elm trees grew,
 The skating in the winter
 With my class mates all too few.
 And sometimes in the afternoon
 So that we didn't nap,
 We did fractions on the black-board
 Or had place games with the map.

T & I

Dear 5B Classroom,

All the children who have been with me this year appreciate what the girls in your room have done for them. They often talk about it and I listen to their conversation. The one who appreciates it the most, I know, is the teacher. Maybe you don't know about all my children, so I will try to tell you something about each one.

The smallest one I have is *Claudia*. She bounces very hard on my floor and always drops her crayons on it too. She amuses me a great deal by singing T.V. commercials. The next smallest is *Lynne*. She is full of stories and calls all the teachers Mr. I find

this very funny! Did you know I had two boys in my room? I am the only room in the school with this honour. *Alastair* is the first boy member and he is always the earliest to greet me in the morning. My other boy is *Michael* and a real boy he is. For one who started so late in the year, he has done very well. *Markie* is another one who came late. She rarely speaks above a whisper (except in gym) which is very restful. *Carolyn* is a very little girl from England who is always pleasant and nice to everyone. *Cathy* is the one who always has all her possessions on my floor. But I don't mind because she is so nice. *Vesna* came to me from Yugoslavia and she is learning to speak English. She loves to draw all over my blackboard. *Laura* is the class ballet dancer who likes to practice on my floor. *Nancy* is the form captain and the 'class mother'. She looks after the little ones so well. *Andrea* is the neat and tidy one who has improved so much this year. *Susan* is my oldest child. She is eight years old now, and very proud of it. She talked all the time about how tired she was of being seven.

It has been so nice having all these children with me and I hope I have as nice a group next year.

Love to all

Transition and Form I Classroom.

P.S. A very late arrival is *Gigi* who came to me from Chile. She is the sister of our head girl.



Senior Literary Section

?

The rhinoceros is an animal as large as large
can be.
It ate another Elmwood girl,
And now it's eating me.
It's a very different feeling to be eaten by
a beast;
It feels as though he'd taken
Some extra Brewer's yeast!
I'm disappearing through his mouth as fast
as I can go.
I'd write some more of poetry—
I've been eaten, you know!

CAROLYN STRAUSS,
Form 5B.

The Pirate Ship

In a bleak and unknown channel,
Rocking gently in the breeze,
Greyed and worn, a clumsy vessel
Lay forgotten on the seas.
Through its rotted, creaking timbers
The ranting breezes blast,
Whispering, stirring up the blunders
Of this brave vessel's past.
It remembers, it recalls
How it scorned to flight
Each and every of the vessels
Challenged by her might.
For with gusts of windy power,
Over seas she shot,
Looting, plundering ships that cower,
Sought but never caught.
Ladies crying, deckhands flying,
Silks and furs astrew,
Pistols flashing, pirates thrashing,
Till sighing they withdrew.
Years have passed and days have flown,
Draining its hope and light.
Now she lies unseen, alone,
Forgotten in her might.

ANNE WENNBERG,
Form 5B.

A Sunset

This is the city, Ottawa, Ontario. I go to school here. I'm a student, My name is Lex Friday, My crony, is Margo Smith. It was 1.45 p.m., Tuesday, October 14th, when our boss walked in. She said: "I want a composition in by 1.50 p.m., Monday, October 20th." That was all! It was up to Smith and me to do something about it.

It was 4.15 p.m. when we got into the boarding school. Smith and I had just started to change our clothes when the telephone rang. I answered. "Friday speaking" "Ya?" "Where?" "What time?" Address?" Bang! I hung up the receiver, told Smith to follow and started down to see the head boss about getting out.

It was 6.15 p.m. before we were through talking to the head boss. We were in our car by 6.17 p.m. and on our way. Down the dirt road we raced, arriving on the scene at 6.29 p.m. There were quite a few spectators. Big, small, square, round, oblong—anyway we picked what looked like an intelligent one to answer a few questions. "Were you here when the sun disappeared?" "What time did it happen?" We want the facts, ma'am" "You say it was red? "How big was it?" "Thank you, ma'am." We had the facts.

At 5.55 p.m., the evening before someone had taken the "sunset".

We were gathering up more facts, when we noticed it was 8.05 p.m. We were supposed to be back to see the head boss at 7.30 p.m. Back we had to go, leaving our first and last detective case unfinished, and with only half a story for our composition.

ALEX THOMAN,
Form 5B.

Autumn in the Woods

Soft golden rays of light sifted through the network of leaves and branches, dappling the mossy earth in quick beauty. All was

silent, still, save yet the faint trickling of a little stream winding its way past the edge of the woods. From the banks of this stream, the whole world seemed to be a veil of muted crimson, brown, and gold, threaded here and there with the striking ebony-black of the branches and trunks. A soft warm breeze drifted around and about these branches, cradling the delicate wisps of leaves as they gently floated to the ground.

Motionless, as if painted, a mother doe and her fawn stood peering from the edge of the woods. Hesitantly, the soft, liquid brown eyes roamed the clearing before the doe timidly stepped out into the open. The clear sunlight silhouetted her velvet brown form against the mossy earth, while the fawn was left among the trees, still blended with the browns and golds of his forest protection. Presently we followed and they approached the banks of the little stream. Vigilantly the doe watched as her young son drank from the cool running water; then in haste, she also quenched her thirst. So graceful were they, the dainty feet, and alert ears, they seemed like the surrounding branches, slender and conscious of every whisper in the wind. Beauty was in their every movement; beauty was in everything.

LINDA CHAUVIN,
Form 6M.

Independence

Independence! What is the true meaning of the word? A dictionary defines it thus: "Freedom, exemption from control, independent income." Although the dictionary does its best, no one can really appreciate the true significance of this word unless they have lived under the yoke of oppression. People of the Western World are prone to take their personal freedom and other liberties for granted. They have fought for this freedom, but I sincerely doubt if the majority of these people have any conception of what it would be like to live under a dictatorship, which had no consideration for the individual or his personal freedom.

The people of Hungary understand the meaning of independence, and ironically the reason that they understand it so well, is because it has been denied to them. During the events that led up to this tragic drama of a mass killing by the Russians, the Hungarians had a brief, sweet taste of freedom. It started on October 23rd, 1956, when the Hungarians, through an overpowering common desire, suddenly united all classes against the enemy, without planning or leadership. These people shattered the illusion that a whole generation could be taught to believe that wrong was right. These people revolted against the tyranny of a dictatorship.

Did the Hungarians hope to win? They must have realized that they could not expect to win against such gigantic odds. They were outnumbered before they began! But, hope is a powerful weapon, and they kept on; sacrificing themselves for their beliefs. They acted on a common impulse, heedless of the consequences. These men, women and in some cases children, who made the revolution possible, fought for what they believed in: independence. The people of Hungary gained five precious days of freedom, before the Russians brutally extinguished the bright flame of liberty. Thousands were killed, and thousands of others went through untold suffering. As the fighting continued, the whole free world watched with bated breath, powerless to prevent the inevitable end of such a courageous people.

If a people such as the Hungarian Freedom Fighters could extract even a promise of freedom from a despotism such as Russia, through a mixture of courage, anger and desperation, then we the free world should, since we have more to work with, at least be able to draw a compromise from Russia. This was the first time that she had been forced to dissolve an all-communist government, and set up in its place a government that included elements of non-communism. The Soviets retracted their promise later, but the fact remained that they had made it. They had been outmaneuvered by an unorganized, unified people for five days. That is why the events

on that fateful October day, had such a great significance for the rest of the free world.

Yes, in the end they were conquered. Many escaped, but many others stayed behind to fight and to die. We hear little about Hungary these days, but it is our duty after watching them suffer, to prove to them that we have not forgotten; the sacrifices they made were not in vain. Every man, woman and child who was killed is a tribute to a brave and courageous people. Although they were defeated, to us they remain the conquerors. They fought for what we take for granted—Independence.

JUDITH BROWN,
Form 5A.

An Education Through Travel

In my opinion, a real education can be developed through travelling. Let us take Greece as our example; for it is the country I am most familiar with. Here are a few of my observations.

"Tell me" you might say, breaking the whirring silence, "Are the Greeks very different from us? What are they like?" There is no denying that the Greeks are different from ourselves. No better and no worse; just different. Their standard of values is not always the same as ours. To Canadians, time is money. To Greeks, it is a dimension to be lived in leisurely, with as much profit and enjoyment as possible. This I noticed of the Greeks almost immediately upon arrival in Greece. The Canadian works at high pitch straight through his business day. The Greek breaks his with an afternoon siesta, opens his office or store again later in the day, believing he does more work this way. But, in fact, he is only lightly putting things off till AVRIO—tomorrow.

Another thing which can easily be observed on any Greek street or home is the great difference in greeting. For example, a Canadian greets his friends with a brief "Hi". Greeks stop to kiss on both cheeks and to inquire about the health of each other's households. The Canadian business man asks a visitor to his office, "What can I do for you?"

The Greek asks "How do you take your coffee?" Greek men tip their hats to each other and both sexes rise when a person senior to those present enters. The attitude of the well-bred Canadian and the well-bred Greek towards women is approximately the same.

The Canadian turns his newspaper to the sports or financial page first. The Greek reads the political news first on his practically ad-less paper. The Canadian knows the fine point of difference between automobile makes and discusses the standings of baseball or football teams. The Greek can explain the platforms of the numerous political parties of his country and knows the background of important political leaders past and present, Greek and foreign.

Greeks live a two-legged existence as compared with Canadians who have definitely taken to wheels. If they are not walking or working, they sit around little café tables or sidewalks, in alley and arcades, in public squares and parks, along the shore, under trees on a hillside. They are also, like the Canadian, a singing people. They sing at work and at play, in taverns, on the march, riding in cars, buses or boats. Young people sing on their way home from gatherings; strollers sing going through the streets as they strum their guitars.

The educated Greek is an insatiable reader. He devours books in a wide range of subjects, frequently re-reading the classics of his own language in modern translation, remaining aware of all the latest developments in all branches of learning through foreign language periodicals and books. The Canadian is letting Television take up most of his reading time. Foreigners may discuss their favorite authors intelligently with almost any literate Greek.

And so I could go on endlessly comparing people and their different ways of living. Now tell me, do you think my observations helped in giving me a real education through travel?

EFI MALAMAKI,
6 Matric.

Three People I should like to meet

Death! Morbid? Awful? It may be for some, but to me it presents the one and only method of meeting three men who have lived their lives before mine, and have left only written records of their deed. To you my choice may seem strange: three men whose lives have made a definite mark in history, but who were as different as day is from night—St. Francis, Hitler and Louis Pasteur.

Good and Evil! These are the two great forces in our world. St. Francis, typifying the positive force, was a man of love and compassion. To him the stars, the light, the beasts and the birds were friends and brothers whom he loved, and who loved him. He held no fear of life, only the fear and love of God, from whom he gained courage and strength. St. Francis was simplicity personified, he did not “wow” people to his side; he won them by his overflowing spirit of goodness and truth.

On the other side we have the great force of Evil, well portrayed in a character well known, and well feared—Hitler! This man was a shell of cruelty and egoism. He was completely void of any redeeming quality of compassion or goodness which would have made a human being of him. To him, man was just a means to build his power and might. Fanatically he bore down on the people and pounded his principles into them. His methods of winning people to his side were concentration camps and war!

In contrast to these two personalities, very positive and very negative, I would like to add Louis Pasteur, neither a saint, nor a sinner. He is the kind of person that typifies what I strive for. Medicine, the work of his life, was his whole world, and indeed his life. He seemed to live and breathe it, not sitting back to admire his accomplishments, but ever going onward working for the better conditions of his brother and fellow man.

To me, these three men represent the world we live in. The saints are few but have lasting powers that are remembered from generation to generation. The evil dictators

rise with power and might but inevitably crumble and disintegrate, leaving only memories of hate. We, the general people, are mostly Louis Pasteurs, working to make something from the life we have been given. We may not accomplish what he did, but it is the spirit of work and love that counts.

This is why, for me, death would be a great adventure. To meet these three people face to face would be like looking at the world in the three separate blocks that form it—the white, the black, and the ever-present grey.

LINDA CHAUVIN,
Form 6M.

The Path through the Woods

It begins when he is born and ends with, infinity!

At the beginning the wood is thin and the trees are sparse, but as the age of the traveller increases so does the depth and darkness of the wood. It surrounds him so completely that at times he can distinguish but few of the paths of others that cross his.

There are billions of paths. One for each member of the human race both past, present and future. Each path is different from the next.

The wood is composed of plants from all over the earth and from all times of Man, but they are known to us.

The individual paths of human beings, although sometimes irregular, conform to a larger path, that of our species. This path too has a place in the universe. There will be other species, with their smaller paths of other individuals winding through a wood with some plants, physically strange yet familiar to us, others entirely unfamiliar.

Is this path the path of our universe—or is there another larger, that is the main one of our universe? And is the one of our universe just a branch of a still more extensive one that is composed of the main paths of other universes, ad infinitum to eternity? Or is there a path at all?

JUDY REID,
Form 5C.

The Man with one eye

My head was spinning violently, and the mumble-jumble sound from the over-crowded room was not helping matters.

It was a miserable mid-afternoon for me. A kind of day where I tried to escape the inward feeling that was fighting me. My—but it was odd! But was not that the way life was? Everything seemed to be untouchable! Everything but this one object . . . It was there, and I could not leave it alone. I tried . . . Oh! . . . how I tried! . . . but there seemed to be no solution for this overpowering subject.

I did not know whether to laugh or cry. The sight of my stricken eyes expressed my emotion to anyone who was interested. But why worry?—I was only a fish lost at sea.

The vividness fought me until my nerves were twitching with fright, and my body froze. The tears were streaming down my pallid face, and I knew my soul would not rest in peace, unless I brought my problem to a conclusion.

Colours were beginning to mingle—all except that one blur. What was it?—All twirled in together making me feel I wanted to scream.

The haze was beginning to clear now, and my imagination was working—so much so that my body trembled. Something was there, but I could not grasp it enough to satisfy myself.

Then the painting took its place. Why of course—it was a modern picture of a man with one eye.

With my mind at rest, the crowd's chatter did not seem so harsh. I could understand their feelings, and I could not help wondering if that morbid painting had roused them, as it had me.

ALEXIS THOMAN,
Form 5A.

Little Brothers

Only someone who has lived with little brothers knows of the trials and tribulations I go through trying (vainly, I might add!)

to understand mine! Perhaps if I introduce them to you it will be easier for you to understand my complete bewilderment.

Robby is my blond, blue-eyed, eight-year-old brother, who would truthfully be much happier if I hadn't been born, or if I *had* to be born I "should 'a been born ten years earlier and much easier to punch in the nose". Robby has an amazing ability to disappear and completely forget the time, both of which he does when I am in charge of his whereabouts. On returning one hour and a half late one night, his simple explanation was that the plane he had gone for a ride in did not have a phone, and I "shoulda guessed where he was!" (Actually he was in a plane with the father of one of his friends!) Robby's bedtime, being seven-thirty, always presents a problem, as his watch never fails to stop (for some unknown reason (?)) at seven o'clock on the button!

Even more bewildering to me is my four-year old brother, Brian. Being blond, brown-eyed and completely angelic-looking helps him to twist me completely around his little finger until he has *exactly* what I have just pointed out I would rather he did not have. Brian (or so he tells me) is an expert cook, painter (especially painter), housewife and grade twelve student (at this moment he is "helping" me write this Composition). My patience wears extremely thin after a session of persuading him that food is to eat (a very hard thing for him to understand) not to make castles and roads in or to bounce on the floor. Another unnecessary habit of "grown-ups" that a four-year-old certainly doesn't need is sleep. Just because you can't keep your eyes open, or walk in a straight line, is *no* reason why you should sleep (although once in bed it does not take much convincing!)

Despite all the trials and disagreements I know that I would be at a loss without Robby and Brian, and I feel very sorry for anyone who does not have a little brother or sister in his family—even if he is a little terror!!

JUDY TOLLER,
Form 6M.

My Path through the Woods

My favourite path twists and turns through a lovely wood near the south coast in England. It is a narrow gravel path and in some places it is choked with grass and moss. Some of the branches of the trees are so low that they make an archway over my head. The path ends in a gate and beyond this there is a sandy shore below, and the murmur of the sea can be heard in the distance. In the winter when the sea is rough I can taste the salt in the wind from the sea.

I love walking along this path in all seasons as there is so much beauty there all the year round. In the spring the path is bordered with primroses, and wild violets and daffodils grow in the grass. The trees have a lovely fresh look of spring and the birds fly around busily trying to find places to build their nests.

Later on in the year there is a beautiful blue carpet of bluebells, and rhododendrons grow among the bracken. In the centre of the wood near where the path winds, there is a little lake where yellow, orange and pink azaleas grow, making lovely reflections in the water. It is fun to lie on the grass and look up through the trees to the cloudless blue sky overhead.

Autumn brings the mists and the little path is strewn with dead leaves.

In January the snowdrops cover the ground like a white carpet and a few weeks later the yellow and mauve crocuses come up to remind me that winter is over for another year.

DOROTHEA BERWICK,
Form 5C.

The Bold Knight

There he sits, tall and straight and proud,
Resting on his coal black horse high above
the crowd.

There he sits exhausted, after the tiring race,
But a look of proud contentment plays upon
his face.

This Bold Knight and coal black horse have
won a race so grand,

And now they rest there calmly, while the
crowds cheer in the stand,
Suddenly a bell chimes, and he goes to claim
his prize,
The crowds all cheer and shout for him and
to their feet they rise
To catch a better glimpse of him, their Knight
so bold and true,
The Knight who won them glory, and ever
more will do.

JANET ANNE HAIR,
Form 5A.

Mr. Whiskers

Mr. Whiskers was a cat. Not a pure-bred or a Siamese with papers, but an ordinary, middle-aged Tom cat.

In spite of heredity, however, Mr. Whiskers was brought up and lived (as did thousands of others) in a most unforgettable and unforgiveable environment—a communist cat kingdom.

It had its assets, certainly, but these were strongly overpowered by its defects, social and political. (Economics are unmentionable as the economy of cat kingdoms throughout the world at this time isn't worthy of mention.)

In such a kingdom, individualists were normally not heard of. However Mr. Whiskers, a rebel at heart, was an individual. He reasoned out the pros and cons of such a dictatorship and decided to take action.

There was really only one solution, thought Mr. Whiskers—overthrow the dictatorship! It was a simple as that! But then he thought about it a second time and decided he must not only think. He must do something. Night after night, after his habitual neighbourhood yowling, he parted company with his closest comrades (as close a friendship as they dared allow) and made plan after plan. Finally after many hours, not only of concentration but also of evasion from government agents, he decided the only way to begin was to reside as close to headquarters as possible. In fact, why not at headquarters?

The dictator, Czar Thai, was of the best Siamese blood. This, however, was no asset in a dictator. He was ostentatious, blasphemous, worldly, of course, and weakly extroverted. He had no use for anyone (directly) who was not of his own kind, or at least of Siamese or Persian descent. The rest were public scum to be used, fed and housed. The last two requirements added unpleasant duties, but unfortunately were necessary.

This dictator, unlike many cat czars, was an excellent target for Mr. Whiskers. Our hero managed, through secret pull, to obtain a position as the Czar's cook. In this work he almost forgot his mission as the dishes of dried seaweed, fish and caviar were most tempting. After he had overcome this temptation and regained his bearings, he decided to murder Czar Thai. This, he thought, would cause a revolution, but bring to the minds of kittens throughout the empire a realization of the corruption that prevailed. It would bring to their minds a sense of liberty, equality, and fraternity. In other words— fish, friends, and a fireside mat— a veritable dream for those who dared to think.

The day finally arrived when Mr. Whiskers was to perform the dreaded deed. While mixing milk and caviar, the standard morning refreshment, he also added an extreme overdose of catnip—(fatal if there is too great a consumption). But the overwhelming smell lured Czar Thai unexpectedly to the kitchen, and there was a nerve-jostling moment for Mr. Whiskers. He covered up beautifully by explaining that the amount of catnip in the drink was barely enough to see, and that some had fallen on the floor. The Czar was livid because of Mr. Whisker's supposed incompetence and waste, and threatened him with the most dreaded punishment—a bath.

But Mr. Whiskers held a ready answer to all the Czar's accusations and finally persuaded him to drink and be merry. Drink he did, but unfortunately the catnip erased his chances of being merry. The news of his death spread rapidly, and revolution resulted. Mr. Whis-

ker's fame spread kingdom-wide. But for what? Revolution was no answer. A democracy must be formed. . . . And in time it was.

However the greatest reward of all arrived when Mr. Whiskers travelled from place to place seeing freedom written around the whiskers of fellow cats and kittens, and the happiness on their faces after they had taken their first smell of catnip (in limited quantity) or had eaten their first fish, as they had previously only heard of such delicacies.

What a rewarding life it seemed: Mr. Whiskers too had eventually returned to the kind of life he had wanted for himself and his kind, whether they be Siamese, Persian or mixed. Even in his final years he was still known and referred to as the martyr cook of Czar Thai, a title that lived with him always.

LINDA REDPATH,
Form 6M.

Books

In your desks there are many books. What wonderful books they are, both in appearance and in the richness of their content.

On the printed pages are piled up all the treasures of human thought. Nevertheless, your books, which are both plentiful and precious, are rather ignored at times in preference for other amusements. You are all guilty, at some time or another, of scribbling in, throwing around, and tearing them. I guess you forget their great value. For example, with your history book you are given the greatest opportunity of travelling into the past and meeting people and civilizations and accepting their contributions to you. Books are your best friends because they can show you in their pages all the wonders of this world.

The first books were copied by hand, which made them very dear, so that only millionaires could buy them. Just think, if books were still hand made, a small minority of you would bear any knowledge. How tragic for you, your families and your country.

However, you are fortunate. About five hundreds years ago printing was invented, making books cheap and plentiful because of the speediness of print. Everyone can now own books—millionaires and you! We owe all this to Mr. Gutenberg of Mainz, Germany, who lived in the fifteenth century. Gutenberg, like most contributors, suffered a great deal of personal sacrifice before he was finally able to give you his gift. For his first experiments were so expensive that he became bankrupt and his little shop was taken over by his greedy partners. For ten years he endured poverty, but when his invention was recognized by all he was granted a lifetime pension by the Archbishop as a compensation.

So, with printed books, culture and education are spreading and I hope have reached your classroom. Thanks to Gutenberg and books you find yourselves sitting in your desks for twelve years—scribbling in, throwing around, tearing,—but also reading BOOKS!

EF1 MALAMAKI,
Form 6M.

An Ode to Skiing (through beginners eyes)

Skiing zow!
Up
and up
The rope tow.
Clutching
Hopefully
The skinny excuse for a rope.
The top is reached . . .
Crunch!
And some astonished skier
Is left,
Mouth agape,
With deep scrapes
Across
His brand new skis.
The top
At last?
And nervously
You light a cigarette,
Trying your best

To appear
Nonchalant,
And professional.
Your friends
Zoom by,
And call out gay greetings,
Then
Disappear
Over the ridge of the hill
In a cloud
Of snow.
The time has come.
You fumble
With your ski poles,
Hat,
Fittings
And ski-jacket,
Trying
Desperately
To postpone a sure death.
No use
And,
Suddenly,
You find yourself
On a ninety degree
Angle.
Plunging uncontrollably
Into
A melee of speeding skiers.
Faster
And yet faster.
Fear
Claws at your throat;
And then
An idea strikes.
And,
Triumphantly,
You sit down,
Just in time
To reach the bottom,
And safety.
You remove your skis,
Stroll
To the lodge,
And seat yourself
Comfortably
By the fire.

SUE HAMILTON,
Form 5A.

Adventure

The proud pines whispered and nodded their approval of the sun's appearance over the water, for that morning it was especially beautiful. Although the trees and the animals appreciated the lovely day, there was one small human and his friend who did not willingly notice the weather. They were walking hand in paw on a path that led to the sea, discovering an adventure of their own. The human was named Tommy; he was of the ripe age of four—old enough to make his own decisions! His stuffed friend came under the name of Mr. Bear. Belonging to Tommy he might have complained about the validity of some of these decisions, but his master would have overruled him, so he was usually dragged along. Underneath it all they enjoyed each other's company tremendously.

When Tommy had woken up very early that morning, he had decided to go exploring *alone*. Alone included Mr. Bear because he was a nice companion and a good listener. Like any other human being, he was tempted by the lure of the forbidden. He was *never* allowed to go down this path unless he was accompanied by a grown-up. He had seen it once a long time ago with his father who had carried him on his shoulders through the woods. After a long walk they were confronted with a blinding sun and a glimmering sea. It was beautiful. The cliff they were standing on overlooked many huge rocks covered by brownish slimy sea-weed. The sight of the roaring water finding a foaming path among the rocks could remind one of slithering and hissing snakes discovered basking in the sun.

He had finally arrived at the place where tree meets water. Running to the edge of the cliff he saw the same sight, but it looked much more interesting than the smooth beach he usually went to. Can you imagine the fascinating things he could find? Shells with animals living inside, a small pool with fish and crabs, pieces of sea-beaten glass, why he might even find a bottle with a piece of paper inside! He nearly dropped Mr. Bear in his excitement.

Looking around for a while he found what seemed to be the easiest way down, and while jumping from stone to rock and rock to boulder, he slipped, let go of Mr. Bear, missed a rock he would have had to climb down, and landed on top of Mr. Bear! The latter gave a loud grunt of disapproval. Well, it was one way of getting there! Tommy picked up his half-buried friend from the sand and shook him. Running over to a patch of wet sea-weed, and slamming his foot over it, he discovered that it made a pleasant popping sound. He continued this experiment for some time.

He then saw something that caught his eye. It was just a small piece of rusted iron stuck in the sand. Placing Mr. Bear on a nearby rock he started to dig. Tommy had not noticed that the rock was wet. The next big wave completely covered his friend and the hungry sea started tugging at its new victim! When Tommy finally discovered that his efforts disclosed a couple of rusty links off a chain, he looked around. Instead of seeing Mr. Bear where he had carefully put him, he saw him bobbing up and down in the water a few feet away. "Mr. Bear! please come back, Mr. Bear!" but he did not notice, and was floating farther and farther away. Tommy ran in to the water after him and was up to his waist in the loathsome sea before he could reach him, but Mr. Bear was dragged still farther and Tommy followed. When he finally clutched his friend, he could no longer feel the rocky bottom, and it seemed to him that he had swallowed half the sea. The salt in the water was choking him—then, he felt himself being lifted out of the water and he heard his father saying, "Tommy, Tommy, are you all right?" The boy nodded and starting to cry he mumbled, "I am sorry Mr. Bear, it is all my fault. . . Daddy, do you think that Mr. Bear will be all right?"

After a good soaking in fresh water Mr. Bear was fine, although a little worse for wear, and Tommy vowed never to go down the path through the woods without a helping father!

DI MANION,
Form 6M.

The Man With One Eye

A short, squat man, dressed in tattered tweeds, ambled down the old cobble stone street, oblivious of the chanting of boisterous children and the perpetual beeping of automobiles. What a relief it had been to get out of his musty, dreary room in the old dilapidated tenement where he lived. Today had been a "bad day" from the time the shrill alarm clock rang just before the break of dawn, announcing the arrival of another run-of-the-mill day. Something was different though — yes, memories swirled in his mind of this very same day many years ago. Patrick stopped in front of Tony's Fruit Store and gazed at the picture of himself so vividly reflected in the glass window. What a sight he was now, so changed from the hefty, powerfully built lad he had been once. The dark wavy hair had receded and thin, wiry gray hair had taken its place. His shoulders slumped under the weight of many troublesome years of anguish and pain after the dreadful night of July twenty-third, 1930.

It had been a sultry, humid night, in the old slum section of Dublin. The usual evening's entertainment was sitting on some broken-down verandah, fanning oneself to no avail, unable to close out the endless irritating chatter of Mrs. Garritty and Mrs. Metzger droning on and on. Patrick's young wife, Maggie, bedridden in the stuffy, dismal apartment, had been seriously over-worked after caring for one of Mrs. Metzger's children who had been taken to the hospital the day before.

Suddenly a tremendous explosion rocked the neighborhood. Glass shattered and doors split. The apartment house was transformed into a blindingly bright, blazing inferno. Piercing screams gave close competition to the wailing of ambulances, police squad cars and fire engines as they descended like a horde

of locusts on the flattened premises. Patrick pawed furiously through the mounds of rubble as one thought raced frantically about in his tormented mind. "I must get to Maggie — Maggie's trapped." Panic seized him and he tore ruthlessly through the burning debris. Flames slashed at his sides as one crashing beam missed his head by inches and pinned him mercilessly against the jagged wall supports. He wrenched himself free, just in time to avoid being crushed to death by the crumbling white-hot wall. Bricks flew everywhere, and suddenly, as if someone had just flicked the lights off, he began to sink down into deep oblivion, unaware of his surroundings.

On waking, he found himself tucked in crisp white sheets with small rubber tubes inserted in each arm, making his veins deep purple. The swishing of white starched nurses' uniforms greeted his ears, and his head swam in turmoil. A thick medicated bandage stretched across his scarred jaw, entirely shielding the right side of his face from the sunbeams pouring in through the cracks in the venetian blinds. Something blocked his memory — why was he here? What had happened? Was this just a terrible nightmare?

Now, just twenty years later, his sallow face told the tale of that fateful night in which a disastrous explosion of unknown origin had claimed the lives of hundreds of people. To remind him of this, there was an ugly, deeply inset scar stretching from the left corner of his jaw, around and up his right cheek. Time had faded this mark a little, but still left as a reminder of July twenty-third, 1930 was his name among the neighborhood, as he was very fittingly called "the man with one eye."

CAROLYN SIMPSON,
6 Matric.



LOUISE
CHALKE
Age 11



LYNN
WILLIAMSON
Age 11



ANTONIA
WRIGHT
Age 11



JESSICA
BRADLEY
Age 10

Junior Literary Section

Christmas

'Twas Christmas eve, the moon shone bright
Upon the earth that holy night,
And angels bending from the sky
Sang their glorious songs from high.

In a stable far away,
Cradled in a manger, lay
The Holy Child, whom Wise Men sought,
And precious gifts unto Him brought.
Shining bright through night and day,
A Star led them to where He lay,
And entering in they saw the Child
And saw His Mother meek and mild.

LINDSAY SMART,
Upper 4B.

Country Life

Every day I get up at seven o'clock and go outside to the stable and feed all the animals who always seem to be very hungry.

In the winter I go to school and I can hardly wait to get home as I have so many animal friends to greet me, cows, sheep, horses, dogs and cats, while "Wooly", my pet lamb is calling for his bottle.

In the early spring the baby lambs are frisking in the fields and the green ice drifts slowly out of the Ottawa River which flows beside us and there are birds flying from tree to tree talking excitedly to their neighbours.

The summer days are never long enough for all the things there are to do, fishing, boating, swimming, riding and going for rides on top of the haywagon.

Autumn finds us getting ready for cold days and nights. This is the time for riding and big fires to come home to, and for showing my pet calf at the local fair.

It is difficult to say which time of the year I like best, but sometimes I think it is the winter when the fields are deep with clean white snow and we harness Jenny to the red cutter and go for a drive with the sleigh bells tinkling in the frosty air.

On Christmas eve I think there is no place on earth like our farm for a star hangs low over the big barn which is filled with animals. My mother had told me that there was an old legend which says animals speak with human voices at Midnight on Christmas Eve.

On Christmas Eve I crept out to the stable and got there about two minutes to midnight. All of the animals were munching contentedly the sweet hay and corn and I tried to believe that they were telling me that this was the night two thousand years ago when Jesus was born.

SANDY BURKE-ROBERTSON,
Form Upper 4B.

Mr. Whiskers

Once upon a time there was a man who did not shave. He looked very funny. Everybody laughed at him. All the people asked him, "Why don't you like to shave?" One day his whiskers got caught. He could not get them out of the door. He pulled and tugged. One day passed, but he still could not get out. Two days passed but he still could not get out. One day a woman went by. She laughed and laughed. Then she got some help and Mr. Whiskers was finally freed. As quickly as he could after he got free, he shaved.

SUSAN MESSINA,
Form 3.

The Pirate Ship

A long time ago, there was a pirate ship called "Sea Horse". Its job was to rob people and take them to a little island where they would work for the pirates. If they did not work as hard as they could, the pirates would whip them.

One day the "Sea Horse" was anchored in a bay when the Captain saw a little fishing vessel passing by. The crew pulled up the anchor and they started after the little fishing boat. The pirate ship had many more sails

than the little vessel, therefore the "Sea Horse" caught up and sank the little boat. There was no money on the ship but there was a very good cook whom they captured.

Another day they saw a lovely looking boat passing by which they could see was called "Santa Maria". The captain and the crew thought that it would have a lot of money on it so they set off after it. The "Santa Maria" saw the "Sea Horse" coming. They fired out a cannonball which broke off the top of the pirate ships mast.

It was getting dark, so they decided to wait until morning. In the night a little boy came in a dinghy from the "Santa Maria". He rowed quietly over to the "Sea Horse". The boy was going to spy on the pirates. Very quietly he pulled himself up the anchor. One of the crew heard him and quickly looked around the ship: he called the captain. The captain's name was Black Patch. Black Patch came running down the bridge. He shouted, "What's wrong?" The sailor said, "I heard a noise in the front of the ship." They both searched but they didn't see anything.

The boy had heard enough, so he crept back to the anchor but he did not notice a tin can lying on the deck. The boy kicked it by mistake and all the crew came and caught him. They tied him up securely to a mast and went back to their work. The captain wanted to question the boy, but it was no good for he would not talk.

When the crew on the "Santa Maria" found out that the boy was missing they sent a sailor disguised as a pirate over to the "Sea Horse". He rescued the boy and went back to the "Santa Maria" and said, "we are going to sink that ship and capture those pirates". The men that fired off the cannons all went to their posts. The crew fired a cannonball at the "Sea Horse" and it made a big hole in its side. Soon the pirate ship sank and the crew of the "Santa Maria" captured the pirates and made them promise that the rest of their lives would be worthwhile, truthful and friendly.

LYNN WILLIAMSON,
Form 4B.

Peter the Piglet

Once upon a time there was a Little Piglet and his name was Peter. He and his mother lived under a hedge. Nobody could get in. They liked their little house very much and they kept it very clean. One day Peter went out to see the world around him, but all at once a thing jumped up from the grass. It was a dog with big paws and head. Peter was so scared that he ran away and hid from the dog in his house. His mother was scared too and she told Peter to hide under the table. Finally he looked out and said, "mother, has the dog gone yet?" "No," said his mother, "he has not gone yet." He said it again and again. At last his mother said the dog had gone and Peter was as happy as could be because he never saw a dog again.

CAROLYN SMART,
Form 1.

Literature

My talk to you today is about literature. "Literature?—Oh yes, that dull subject one is forced to learn in school," someone may say. But literature is not that. It is more than that.

Literature, Art and Music are among the chief influences in our lives. That is because they pull at our emotions and attract us to them like pins to a magnet.

The poet or writer tries to convey to us some deep serious thought, some sudden or inspired feeling, or just to show us the importance of good will.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,

"And your hair has become very white;

"And yet you incessantly stand on your head—

"Do you think, at your age it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,

"I feared it might injure the brain;

"But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,

"Why, I do it again and again."

These lines, taken from Lewis Carroll, hold no deep or serious thought, but equally important, they have a delightfully refreshing humour—just the sort of thing one needs after having sweated all day at one's desk at school.

Kipling is quite different. He is the exact opposite of Carroll. In Kipling's work is found a great depth and sincerity, a great understanding of human nature and weaknesses, which stirs up something inside you, and leaves an impression that never dies:

"If you can keep your head when all about you

Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,

But make allowance for their doubting,
too—"

Kipling tried very hard to make others see the light, and, also, in his work are found the strength and perseverance needed to go through life.

William Wordsworth has, and always will have, a special place in my heart. He did not usually write of the hard part of life, but preferred to write of the joyful, happy things and the ordinary, everyday things that concern you and me. But he always found some deep and beautiful thought behind those everyday little things we see. He also wrote of nature, and afterwards came to be known as "Nature's poet." Nature is never the same—it changes its moods like a fanciful child. Wordsworth understood these moods and wrote of them in a great flow of passionate feeling.

"I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze".

Shakespeare was considered one of the greatest of geniuses. This is odd, because, like

most schoolboys, he was not fond of school or anything to do with schoolwork. Maybe he writes of his own experience when he says:

"The schoolboy with satchel and shining
morning face,
Creeping like snail, unwillingly to school."

There are many other poets, and writers too, who have devoted their lives to the task of opening a new world of literature to us. Through the centuries more and more fields are being discovered, and men are discovering and exploring the greatest and the best in the realms of the human mind.

Human genius can go to a certain point, and then no further, but I think that we have already reached a very high standard of literature. For surely there will never be a Shakespeare greater than the Shakespeare who leads the world, and opens to us doors that have been closed for countless ages.

Literature, whether it be the joyous and harmonious thoughts of Wordsworth, the comical wit of Carroll, the depth and sincerity of Kipling, or the genius of Shakespeare, is not confined to the past. It encourages us today, and it is my firm belief that it will inspire our great grandchildren and their great grandchildren to come.

GAIL FINCHAM,

Form 4A.

My Day at the Lake

I went to Blue Sea Lake and went on water skis. The next day I went to church. When I came back I had a swim. Then we all ate lunch. After lunch I had a nap. In the afternoon I had a ride in a boat. I came home and had my tea. After tea I went upstairs to have my bath. Then I went down stairs for a little before I went to bed. I stayed there all night.

CATHY MACLAREN,

Form 2.

My Cats

Four years ago my mummy, daddy and I wanted a cat for a Christmas present. So we went to the Humane Society and saw a lovely taffie coloured kitten which we named Taffy. On Taffy's second birthday we got a little grey kitten and we named him Tich, because he was so little. Ever since they have been company for each other.

The cats are very different in the ways they act. Taffy is proud and stubborn and alway wants to have his own way. He will eat only cat food and will have nothing to do with human food. When we punish him he goes and claws the rugs to get even with us. In spite of this when Taffy wants to be friendly he will be very pleasant. Taffy has a lot to say for himself and when we speak to him he almost always answers. He is a big and powerful cat and weighs about fourteen pounds.

Tich is smaller than Taffy and his personality is very different. He is very sweet and

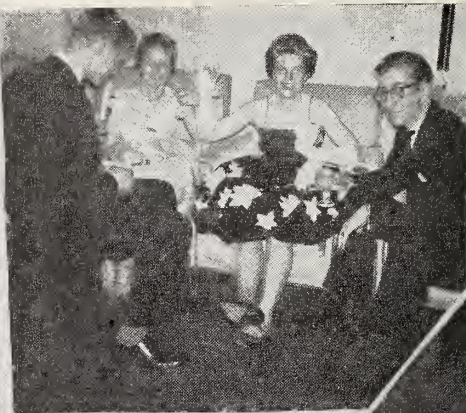
cuddly and is always rubbing himself around our legs and he rides around on Daddy's shoulder. Unlike Taffy, he will eat anything, even cake or pudding. Tich loves it when I cuddle him like a baby.

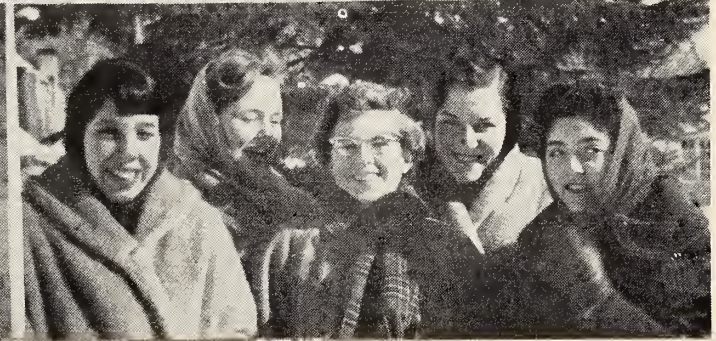
Both cats have collars with a little bell on each one, and when they wear them they feel quite dressed up. Sometimes they like to lie around and just look beautiful; other times they like to pretend to fight. They usually begin by licking, then the licking turns to biting. After they have had a good fight, they are always friends again.

Of all pets I think I like cats best, because they take care of themselves well, and because they are such fun to watch. No matter what cats are doing, they always seem to look graceful. Our cats are part of our family, and we wouldn't trade them for anything.

VALERIE PULKER,
Form 4C.







Exchanges

Sedburg School—Montebello, P.Q.
Ashbury College—Ottawa, Ont.
King's Hall—Compton, P.Q.
Lower Canada College—N.D.G., Montreal, P.Q.
Upper Canada College—Toronto, Ont.
Rothesay Collegiate School—Rothesay, N.B.
Branksome Hall—Toronto, Ont.
Balmoral Hall—Winnipeg, Man.
Bishop Strachan School—Toronto, Ont.
The Grove School—Lakefield, Ont.
Ridley School—St. Catharines, Ont.
Havergal College—Toronto, Ont.
Bishop's College School—Lennoxville, P.Q.
Trinity College School—Port Hope, Ont.
St. Andrew's College—Aurora, Ont.
Trinity College—Toronto, Ont.

Edgehill—Windsor, N.S.
The Buckingham School—Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.
St. John's Ravencourt—Winnipeg, Man.
Ryerson Institute of Technology—Toronto, Ont.
The Study—Montreal, P.Q.
Strathallen School—Hamilton, Ont.
Stanstead College—Stanstead, P.Q.
Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's—Montreal, P.Q.
Trafalgar School—Montreal, P.Q.
St. Patrick's College—Ottawa, Ont.
"The Chronicle"—St. Mildred's School, Toronto, Ont.

School Directory

ALDOUS, Marjorie, 41 Lambton Ave., Ottawa, Ontario.
 ANSLEY, Sherrill, 3185 Riverside Drive, Ottawa, Ontario.
 ARNOLD, Patricia, 14 Maple Lane, Ottawa, Ontario.
 ARNOLD, Susan, 19 Rigel Road, RCAF Station, Rockcliffe, Ontario.
 ATTACK, Nancy, "Bellevue", Centre Street, Kingston, Ontario.
 BELL, Pat, Clayton, Ontario.
 BERRY, Joan, 33 Monkland Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario.
 BERWICK, Dorothea, 11 Ellsmere Place, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.
 BLACKBURN, Wendy, Jubilee Ave., Aylmer, Quebec.
 BLAINE, Heather, 7 Rigel Road, RCAF Station, Rockcliffe, Ontario.
 BOWIE, LOUISE, "Duntroon", 22 Eardley Road, Aylmer, Que.
 BRADLEY, Jessica, 28 Elmdale Ave., Ottawa, Ontario.
 BRATTON, Catherine, Box 140, Maniwaki, Quebec.
 BROWN, Judith, Cape Vincent, New York, U.S.A.
 BROWNING, Rita, 129 Springfield Road, Ottawa, Ontario.
 BURKE-ROBERTSON, Alexandra, Marchmont, Dunrobin, Ontario.
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 WRIGHT, Antonia, 235 Henlock Rd., Ottawa, Ontario.
 WRIGHT, Lalage, 26 Philip Court, Ottawa, Ontario

School Calendar

September 11—School reopened.
 October 10-13—Thanksgiving weekend.
 October 31—Hallowe'en parties.
 November 7—House dance.
 November 14—Parents' Tea.
 November 21—Mothers' Guild Bazaar.
 November 28—House collections.
 December 5-16—Christmas Exams.
 December 17—School concert and Christmas party.
 December 17—Boarders' Christmas Tree party.
 December 18—Closing carol service.
 December 18—Christmas holidays began.
 January 8—School reopened.
 January 15—Junior skating party.

January 23—Intermediate House dance.
 January 30—Free Day.
 February 8—Confirmation service at the Cathedral.
 February 12-19—Mid-term holiday.
 February 27—House plays.
 March 26-April 7—Easter holidays.
 April 13—Senior Matric exams began.
 April 18—Scholarship exams.
 April 25—The Formal Dance at the Country Club.
 May 14-19—Long Weekend, Queen's Holiday.
 May 26—Final Exams began.
 June 5—Annual Sports Day.
 June 10—School Closing.

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